

Lancaster Intelligencer.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1881.

Reform by Immoral Methods.

The New Era being convicted of fighting for "reform" with allies whom it at different times denounced as the enemies of reform, undertakes to furnish the "distinction between our (its) real and last battle with the bosses," and declares that it has "lived and labored in vain" if it is not a "very gratifying distinction to the public as well as to itself."

The public generally has long inclined to the opinion that the New Era has lived and labored in vain for reform—and it is not surprised greatly to find that this is so plainly manifested now as to be self-confessed by the journal itself. We publish in full elsewhere what it has to say, and surely hereafter no question can be raised as to the standing of the New Era as an organ of genuine reform.

Its claim, briefly stated, is that it accepted the alliance of each disreputable "boss" to defeat the other; that in its first union, with Boss McMellen, it thought it was a strong enough tail to wag the dog; that it found its mistake when the dog would have his own way and do all manner of bad things. Then it went in with the other dog, Boss Senesig; and its distinction, as nearly as we can make it out, is that this is a good dog now, since the tail has so prevailed over him as to make him support only the best and most pious candidates for offices, who wouldn't take an illegal fee or do an illegal thing to save their lives. What a stunner! or rather what a Whistler!

That editor does whistle with so benign an air that you would almost give him a certificate of good character if you found him in your chicken coop. Just think how prettily he says that if the men he supported ever cheat anybody, he "will be prompt to withdraw their certificates of good character!" Yes! he does.

But he wasn't very prompt when Boss McMellen and the other candidates he favored in the "first victory" charged illegal fees and were "very naughty as he now says they were. Out of their term of three, before the New Era got in its prompt withdrawal of their certificates.

And then, how very pleasant it is to see, in this very hot weather, this frigid editor sitting on his rolling iceberg and holding forth upon his promptitude in withdrawing certificates of character from evil doers when he admits that he was in alliance with the two head devils, and never once while the union lasted did he breathe a word against the fame of his partner! He couldn't, you know, he was so busy exposing the other fellow! It is not too late for its readers to remember how calmly unconscious the New Era has been of any wrong-doing in the election or in the count on the part of Levi and his friends; but every man in the county knows that his methods were chuck full of guile, and his practices every whit as bad as those of the castaway Elias.

The frigidity of this polar navigator of the New Era craft enables him to say that there were two objections to his plan of uniting himself with one enemy of reform to beat another; one being the liability to be cheated and the other that "in morals it might not pass current;" but it was good generalship!

See! this leader in a battle for reform admits that his methods might not pass current in morals! Did we not accordingly truly say that the reform for which he was fighting was not reform? Who needs to have this further demonstrated?

Or that this leader was a poor general, as well as an immoral one, who admits being cheated once by his evil ally, and with whose second wicked associate true reform stands as much chance as a cat in a celebrated place without means of defence.

Its Benedicite.

The Philadelphia Press has waked up to the fact that Senator Mahone still lives, but evidently concludes that it is a very feeble life and so lets the late great regenerator slide back home with some very cold words of dismissal. The course the Republicans of Virginia will take in regard to an alliance with Mahone is still in doubt. Garfield doubts, the Press doubts. We fear, as Garfield is famous as a doubter, that our esteemed contemporary will have a heavy time keeping up with his doubtings. It went sadly astray on the Mahone show; it was very promising to follow at first to a journal which "welcomes the overthrow of Bourbonism no matter which party or what man is the lever."

In other words, the Press proclaims itself for the Republican administration, which dispenses the offices, no matter by what man or on what ground that administration is assailed. If that is not a hot declaration of devotion to Garfield then one could not be framed. "No matter which party or what man is the lever." It is for him against every and any lever. Whatever he does it is for the Republican president. When he strikes, it is in doubt. When he strikes, it is ready to tumble to the work. Its speedy desertion of Conkling, after so valiantly bearing his lance even so lately as in the tilt against Senator Bayard, looked as though the administration label was very necessary to make any political man or thing look lovable to the Press, but we hardly expected it to avow so broadly and plainly as it now does its thick and thin partisanship of the president. No wonder that poor Billy Mahone, its idol of a month ago, is not so coldly slide by a journal having such a test for determining the virtue of standing by its friends. This is its Benedicite:

Senator Mahone, having vanquished the Bourbons in the Senate, goes home today to prepare for a life-and-death struggle with those of Virginia. The Readjuster convention will meet at Richmond next Thursday, and the campaign will then open, but the issues upon which it will be fought are still undetermined. The Bourbons show a disposition to con-

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MIDWEST TOPICS.

The Suez canal takes in about \$30,000 a day.

ONE applicant for the position of United States consul had the personal endorsements of Longfellow and Holmes, Aldrich and Whittier. He must have been a superlative fellow.

The United Brethren general conference earnestly protests against legislative, judicial or clerical allowance of divorce for any other than the single and scriptural cause. In view of the heavy grists brought to our local divorce mill the united brethren who dispense justice in our county court will please take notice.

REV. PROFESSOR SWING in his last Sunday's sermon embraced the theory that when we die here we are in some way transferred to some other planet, and go right on living. The professor does not take any stock in the conventional angel of the old masters. "There is little probability," he told the astonished grain operators, "that there are intelligent beings having wings."

We have been reading the Legislative Record of the proceedings on the night Hewitt, Hazlet, Rice & Co. were abusing McClure. It would be interesting, if it wasn't so old. After two weeks is almost the earliest that one can get an official report of legislative proceedings. It is a blunder—a crime. And since somebody has discovered that the Record contractor is bound to furnish it the next day after the proceedings it reports have happened, and that so far in the 1,700 or 1,800 pages published, he has failed to meet his obligations, let the money be forthwith stopped on him for his fatal breach of contract.

STATE SUPERINTENDENT HIGBEE, being present at a Sunday school convention in the Cumberland valley, where the relation of the Sunday schools and public schools was under discussion, made a ringing speech declaring there was no antagonism whatever. A local paper reports that he said: "Many teachers in our public schools were unfit to teach children. They were lacking in character. The directors should see to it that such persons are not employed. The teacher should be good, honest, upright, and should possess brains sufficient to teach what he knows. As between characters and brains, he would prefer character. The remarks of Superintendent Higbee were listened to with attention, and when he closed he was greeted with a hearty round of applause. The audience felt that he had the courage and firmness to meet and battle with every difficulty in the way and that the youth of our state would be well cared for by him."

WHAT more senseless law was ever enacted than the bill which has passed the House at Harrisburg, that hotels, restaurants and boarding houses using oleomargarine must make conspicuous announcement of the fact by placards on their dining room walls! It is not intended that they shall do this, but it is expected that such legislation by a great commonwealth will blacken them into not using oleomargarine. If people like it, let them eat it. If people eat it and don't know it they are not hurt; and at any rate clean oleomargarine is better than the nasty, stale and dirty butter that is served at some of the hotels and restaurants where members of the Legislature take their meals. But if such placards are to be posted in dining rooms, why not make the protection of guests complete by compelling the dining room walls to be plastered all over with guarantees of "No Hair in the Hash;" "No Bootlegs Served as Beefsteak;" "Eggs Warranted Laid Within a Month;" "None but Clean Cocks Employed!"

Private Secretary Nichol went to GARFIELD one morning recently, and said: "Conkling says he wants a chance to look you in the eye and tell you you are a liar. How much longer, general, are you going to stand this sort of thing?" And he reports Garfield as replying in those deep guttural tones that he uses when most excited: "He wants to look me in the eye, does he? Let him come into this room, and I will look him in the eye when he comes in and give him my boot when he goes out."

In the investigation of the Mahone-Carmichael "damn-dog" postal-card case at Alexandria it was brought out of the postal authorities that "abusive postal cards are almost daily received against Mr. Garfield, and they never reach him; we burn them up." Senator Morgan pertinently asked: "What right have you to keep the president from knowing what some of the people think of him? The president has the same rights as any other man to obtain the popular sentiment. We are not living in a despotism."

To ROSCOE CONKLING in his present political distress may profitably come the reflection that he missed the golden opportunity to make the "Greatest Effort" of his life when he failed to follow his instincts and his conscience and declare against the electoral fraud. The voice of the siren lured him from his better intentions, and such a tide when not taken at its flood never returns. Had Conkling declared for the Right then he might have saved himself if not his party, and had he not become the foremost public man of his day his rank in his own party would have been undisturbed.

JOHN CRESSA, of Bedford, Pa., gives notice through the public prints up that way—"It," that he has brought out no candidates and set up no newspaper against Judge Hall's re-election; but, to relieve all possible misunderstandings and correct misrepresentations, John modestly adds: "I have lived here nearly sixty years; have earned and expended my means among the people of the county, and if my fellow citizens have sufficient confidence in my capacity and integrity to bestow upon me the honorable position of president judge I will esteem it a great favor, trusting that it may be the last one I shall ever ask of their hands, and will endeavor to discharge the important and very responsible duties of the position to the best of my skill and ability."

West Stanley, preaching recently in Westminster, Abby, described GLADSTONE and the late BEACONSFIELD as the great twin brethren of the field, each supplying what the other needed for the public weal. Though they differed so widely in opinions,

PERSONAL.

HAYES has been nominated for re-election as trustee of Kenyon college, the institution which graduated him.

JOHN B. GOOD, of this city, and F. G. FENZEL, of Mount Joy, are recently appointed notaries public.

The late THOS. A. SCOTT never voted at a presidential election from 1800 until 1880, when he cast his ballot for Hancock.

At the late annual commencement of the Wicks school normal school Hon. J. P. WICKESHAM, LL. D., of this city, delivered an address.

Individually the date of DR. WEBB and UNDERWOOD's proposed visit to Europe was given as the middle of June. It should have been printed July 16.

All reports agree that if the New York senatorial complication eventuate in nothing better it will at least have made Mr. CONKLING much "more sociable" than the dear man!

EDWIN BOOTS, now in London, re-visits America next month, taking home his wife, whose condition is hopeless. He returns to England in August to fulfill provincial engagements.

MR. STANTON, the son of the late secretary of war, has lately married the daughter of the Mrs. Phillips who was sent to Ship Island by General Butler for insulting Union soldiers in New Orleans.

The vestry of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal church, on Tenth street, above Chestnut, Philadelphia, have chosen the Rev. COURTLAND WHITEHEAD, of South Bethlehem, to the vacant rectorship of that church.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT is again reported engaged to be married. The young lady mentioned this time is Miss Bonaparte, daughter of Pierre Bonaparte, who has resided nearly all his life in retirement in the south of France.

Congressman W. D. KELLEY is said to have lost \$20,000 of borrowed money; \$17,000 of his daughter's, and \$3,000 of his own by the failure of the Hordic coach enterprise in Philadelphia. They were too poorly built.

QUEEN VICTORIA has taken possession of the pet peacocks which Lord Beaconsfield kept at Hughenden. When the gorgeous birds arrived at Windsor, the queen, her daughter Beatrice and her son Leopold drove to the aviary to give them courteous welcome.

The statement that ex-Speaker RANDALL had visited Albany to take a hand in the senatorial contest was a sheer invention. Mr. Randall has not been in New York since the resignation of Conkling and Platt. He is now greatly enjoying the country air out at his summer residence near Berwyn.

Mrs. MILLAIS, whose beautiful face has become familiar through the picture of the "Huguenot Lovers," was one of the Grey sisters of Perth, who were commonly called the "fair maid of Perth." She was a slender, blonde-haired girl, but is now described as fat, fair and forty, the mother of grown daughters.

VANCE is the name for a new county just erected by a vote of the people of Granville and Warren counties, North Carolina. The county is named for United States Senator Z. B. VANCE. It is said there are several thousand children in the old North State named after the same genial and eloquent senator.

Mr. WATTERSON kindly explains that Mr. TILDEN and Mr. BAYARD have never taken to one another. They are too much alike. It is sentimental accordance joined to difference of opinion which produces friendships. Mr. Bayard thinks Mr. Tilden a cold, crafty calculator. Mr. Tilden thinks Mr. Bayard an unappreciative, unobservant and self-opinionated and self-contained young gentleman. Both are wrong. Each, in his way, is an idealist.

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A Palpable "Distinction."

The INTELLIGENCER attempts to justify its disparagement of the New Era's efforts at political reform by echoing the Examiner's spiteful cry that Levi Senesig was with the movement, and that "he and the McMellen leaders were trained in the same school," that it can "see no difference in their methods." Concluding with the remark that "the New Era having been in partnership with both, can possibly point out a distinction that we have not discovered." True, this journal has had the co-operation of both, and has won a victory with both, and defeated them both by dividing and taking them in detail. But the difference the INTELLIGENCER ignores and which we would point out is this: In order to make the first breach in the machine which could only be done by dividing the hitherto invulnerable lines of the bosses, it was necessary for us to consent to tactics which can be justified only by the laws of war. If your enemy is starving and you can win some of his lieutenants to fight on your side by sharing your commissary stores with them, and thus gain a victory over them both, you cannot otherwise achieve your end but by appealing as good generalship. In morals it might not pass current; besides, you run the risk of taking traitors into your camp and endangering the morals of your army.

This was the character of our first fight with the bosses. Bosses McMellen and Groff and Coble were starving for office. They were ready to desert their fellow-bosses, Hiestand, Senesig & Co., but only on condition that they should be fed from the public commissary. Mentz was would naturally help his non-in-law to the quartermaster's stores. As the New Era was a hungry it didn't care a continental who got the plunder if the old gang was broken up. So it consented to take enough of its old enemies into its camp to divide their forces and thus enable in two campaigns to lick them in detail. The mistake we made was in supposing these hungry chaps would be satisfied with their lawful share on the commissary stores, and that they would be true to the profession of loyalty to the people. Once safely on the victorious side they began to rob and to plot treason. Then the New Era threw them overboard and resolved to not only drive them out of the public commissary department, but never again to attempt its strength as lines by offering the commissary as a boss as the condition or reward of deserting their lines and giving allegiance to ours.

Hence (and here we "point out a distinction") in planning this campaign we acted as a generalissimo, and as such we took of the old firm of Hiestand, Senesig, McMellen, Mentzer, Groff, Fred Smith & Co., should be put upon the ticket, which should be irreproachable, with no candidate upon it who had a smirched record, who would not pledge himself to take nothing but legal fees when in office, and use none but honorable methods to secure his election. We appeal to the character of the men we supported to prove our good faith in this matter. If a life-long character for integrity and honor means anything to them is no fear of a McMellen, a Tom Davis, a Sammy Groff or a Christ Coble being developed among any of the candidates-elect whom we supported or those whom the Mulhoolts supported because the very strength of the reform movement compelled them to take a better class of men than they usually "like to see rewarded." There will be no mob evoked by them to interfere with the auditors when their accounts are to be investigated, or if there should be they will find in Messrs. Groff and Reed different men to deal with than the majority of the present board. Professional bridge contractors will not be allowed to ignore their obligations because they own the commissary stores, and if the robbery of illegal fees is not stopped, the commissary stores will be public to be, the New Era will be prompt to recall their certificates of good character.

If we have not "pointed out a distinction" between our first and last battle with the bosses, and a distinction between one to the public as well as ourselves, then, indeed, have we lived and labored in vain!

Francis Murphy, the temperance man, will shortly tackle Oil City. George P. Rogers, an Erie clerk, committed suicide by shooting himself twice in the head. John O. Deshong, aged 74, an influential and widely-known citizen has died at his residence in Chester after a lingering illness. Williamsport is now in place of its outstanding obligations, refunding bonds. They are to be 10-20-4 per cents, exchangeable for the old bonds and unpaid at par.

A stranger believed to be Alexander McNeil was known to have been terribly mangled by a Pennsylvania railroad freight train on Powelton avenue, Philadelphia. Lieut. Col. Henry S. Smith, clerk of the courts of Montgomery county, died on Saturday morning at 3 o'clock, at his residence in Norristown. He had been seriously ill but a short time. William Danbert and Thomas McLaughlin were blasting cinder in a stack at Macungio furnace, when a premature explosion occurred, tearing away a portion of Danbert's face and destroying the eyesight of McLaughlin.

Miss Mary Mathers, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Woodbury, Md., aged 30 visiting friends in Philadelphia, went yachting on Saturday, was struck by the boom of a colliding craft, knocked overboard and her body has not yet been found. It was Dr. Cattell, of Lafayette college, Easton, who declined for his institution a bequest of some thousands left to it by a graduate, who had had most unjustly, in his opinion, a quarrel with them, disinherited his son and wife. The college accordingly gave up the property to them.

The German singing societies of Philadelphia will celebrate the bi-centennial anniversary of that city by a great musical festival, to be held June 18, 1882, and last one week. Thirty-one societies have combined for this purpose, and in order to raise the funds necessary to make the affair a success a social musical festival will be held in Rising Sun park on the 21st and 22d of August next. At the grand festival societies from New York, Boston, Baltimore and other cities are expected to participate.

Brotherly Love. Yesterday was observed as Union Decoration day in New Orleans, the graves at Chalmette being decorated under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. J. R. Beck with delivered the oration. The ex-Confederate associations took part in the ceremonies.

A Cool Statement. A correspondent of a West Chester paper writes us from Port Deposit: It may make an interesting item for your readers to know that the Pennsylvania bank of ice on the Lancaster county side of Susquehanna river, near McCall's Ferry, which is at least 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and 5 feet thick, being the remains of the ice gorge of last winter. It will last, I think, at least 15 days yet.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

DECORATION DAY, 1881.

Unto our dead these hours belong; We greet their shrines with band and leaf, And with the ecstasy of grief The voice of our own people sing. Through hazy years these heroes sleep 'Mid homes that once their spirits still possess; But who will crown, what shall we bless, The breeze-blown graves of our dear dead? No wreaths for them, no rhythmic strain, While dimmed eyes wait on lonely shores For ghostly ships that come no more To lives made dumb with unwept pain.

No more for them, no rhythmic strain, While dimmed eyes wait on lonely shores For ghostly ships that come no more To lives made dumb with unwept pain. No foam-flags thrill before the press, No wail of wind that wails the course endow, Of brothers lost to mid-deep halls. What time they called our youth know best: The hot world pulsed with sorrow's cheer, Though in the rate of women's tears Bloomed dim the future's sad bequest.

We bade them go, though pale lips thrilled Through all the various mags of song, For drops of our own tears would wet their cheeks still a requiem still. Some stanzas for poets of far Cathay: Some to the sun-kissed islands sailed, And some to glades where no man hallo, For half their year was changeless day. 'Round tropic caps and wood-lapped shoals, Through seas of amber and of blue, Their shining keels our souls drew With vain inquest for promised goal.

Oh, none return, or ever will! Though better loved for being less, No dreamer held that before our eyes Have had their lives and ours to live. We cannot grasp a divine design Which gives a purpose to our day; But we can dream with death and dawn Of selfish pain some good combine. And from the failure and the pain With earth-tread feet our souls outreach, And claim the chastened right to teach The lessons learned through loss and gain.

We bear this burden of our youth With greater patience that we know The hidden paths we tread below Grow luminous 'neath sublimed truths. Not vain our dead who fearless sailed; Unshrined, we hold them in our heart; Unseen, they walk the nobler part Of what their lives essayed and failed.

In peace we guard these graves, and we Will glory their hallowed soil; But till the waves our martyrs yield, Our noblest dead bloom every year. —T. D. Kelley, in United Service Magazine.

DECORATION DAY SERMON.

The "Boy Orator" Preaches to the Grand Army. Salem Church of God presented an animated appearance last evening. A large congregation was drawn there by the announcement that Rev. John C. St. John, "the boy orator," as he is called, of Brooklyn, N. Y., would preach a sermon to Geo. H. Thomas post, G. A. R. Formerly a prominent hour the post numbering between fifty and sixty men, filed into the church.

The services began with an anthem, "Walk in the light," by the choir, and after prayer and the singing of "America," the sermon began. Rev. St. John took for his text, "But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," in 1st Cor., xv. 57. There are two great victories which ever confront us: one found on the pages of history; the other on the pages of our own hearts. The one is the struggle for liberty for a time; the other for eternity; one mortal, the other immortal. It is twenty years since this nation was awakened from her slumbers by the cannon's roar, which was sounded close to Sumner's side, and echoing and reverberating over mountains and valleys, hill and vale, struck terror to the free man's heart. In '61 the ship of Liberty was boarded by traitors, her masts were torn from the yard arms, and her sails shredded and rent, and attempts made to sink her in the bosom of the sea. She sailed on the high sea of prosperity with more power than ever. The speaker then gave an eloquent and vivid recital of the bombardment and evacuation of Fort Sumter; of the arrival of the Massachusetts 6th; of the capture of the ship, attacked by a mob; of the gallant efforts of General Geo. H. Thomas at Chickamauga; of the four years of carnage and bloodshed; and the subsequent surrender of the confederate armies to Grant at Appomattox. This is a nation of patriots. The ink on the parchment of our history has not yet dried ere thousands of America's noblest sons left those they loved and answered, "Here am I." The soldier's trials were then dwelt at length; the tedious marches, doing sentinel duty in the hall and rain, the monotonous camp life, etc.; the expectation of the loyal North of the Union armies, one marching to the head of the Confederacy the other to its heart.

Results follow cause, and to-day we see the result of those four years of civil strife—the emancipated slaves, the freed bondmen and the showing to the world that ours is indeed the "Home of the brave and the free." He spoke of the beautiful custom of decorating the graves. Decorate them with the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, prognostic of the resurrection. Here followed a fervent prayer on the resurrection of Christ and what it teaches us—that we too shall rise. The exercises closed with the singing of "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" Rev. St. John is scarcely over 21 years of age, and is a most eloquent and powerful speaker. His sermon, as a whole, was a good one, and abounded in many eloquent utterances. He has a good voice which is heard to advantage. His manner on the pulpit tends to the tragical. It was evident that he was laboring from illness, as he stopped during his sermon from sick headache.

The Postal Swindler.

The right name of the postal swindler who operated with forged money orders, under the name of E. C. Jones, and whose arrest, have been described in this paper, is Linton J. Groff, and he was postmaster at Linton, Jefferson county, Ohio, where he also had a little job printing office. According to the statement which he made to E. L. Tidball, special agent of the post-office department, he first conceived the idea of counterfeiting and passing money orders in April, 1881. He procured the paper to print them on at a Philadelphia house, and then set to work in his own home to prepare the scheme, the details of which a large number were forged.

Fire in the Frank.

The ladies of the Moravian church, famous for their hospitable and generous efforts, are first to invite the public to a strawberry festival which will be held under their auspices on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week, in Robert's hall, North First street, opposite Fulton opera house. Generous entertainment and excellent treatment are sure to greet the visitor here, and the ladies promise the ripest, the rodest and most luscious strawberries that the most exacting admirer of this kind of the small fruits could desire.

Another Big Loss.

Wm. Witman, of Wrightstown, writes us as follows: "I noticed in the columns of your paper of last week a large piece of wool. I think I can match it considering the age. I sheared 123 pounds of one young buck, not more than a year old, of common stock."